



The Rape of Belgium

A Journal of the American Legation in Belgium

By Hugh Gibson, Witness

The secretary of the American Legation in Belgium, seeing everything, kept a personal diary of Germany's immortal sin. The seal of neutrality is broken, and here is one of the great documents of the war.

To-day's instalment: McCutcheon, Irwin and Cobb, war correspondents, have been in Louvain. That was before the sack of the town. From the window of their hotel there was a close up, unexpected, 4 a. m. view of a frightful court-martial proceeding. German officers sat at a little table on the sidewalk. Every little while soldiers would bring up a frightened Belgian. Even before the trial was over the firing squad would be set in motion. It would go one way and the victim another, around the railroad station. There would be a volley, perhaps a scream, and then, a few minutes later, the glimpse of a stretcher, bearing a body with a cloth over the face. This is one of the ghastliest pictures out of Belgium.

RUSSELS, Aug. 22, 1914 (continued).—Food is getting very scarce because of the enormous demands of the Germans, and we told von Jarotzky that we should expect that he make arrangements to see that our colonies should not suffer from the requisitions—that ample food be reserved to keep them all as long as it might be found necessary for them to stay here. He agreed to this, but I don't see just how he is to arrange it in practice. There are about fifty thousand men camping within a few miles of Brussels, and another army corps is now marching

into, which was posted in the hall-way, stating that there were no communications with the outside world by rail, telegraph or post, and that no laissez-passers would be granted by the authorities until conditions had changed, and that the legation could not issue any sort of papers which would enable people to leave in safety.

Cobb et al. Have Narrow Escape

About 4 o'clock McCutcheon, Irwin and Cobb breezed in, looking like a lot of tramps. Several days ago they had sailed blissfully away to

enough, and told to lodge themselves as best they could and stay indoors until it was decided what was to be done with them.

They were told that they might be kept prisoners here, or even sent to Berlin, but that no harm would come to them if they behaved themselves.

The order had gone out that if a single shot was fired at the German troops, from the window of any house every body in the house was to be immediately taken out and shot.

Not wishing to risk any such unpleasant end, they rented all the front rooms of a house and spread themselves through all the rooms, so

they had been there long; it would be hard for anybody to resist that crowd any length of time. Of course they never saw their taxi again after getting out to scout for the battle, and whenever the major who had the duty of keeping them under surveillance came to take a look at them Cobb would work up a sob-shaken voice and plead for liberty and permission to return to Brussels. He was always at some pains to explain that it was not his life he was worrying about, but the haunting thought of that taxi running up at the rate of 50 centimes every three minutes.

Court Martial Does A Brisk Business

While the Germans occupied the city all inhabitants were required to be indoors by 8 o'clock; a light had to be kept in every window, and the blinds left open, so that any one moving could be clearly seen from the street. The windows themselves were to be closed. Dorsch said he woke up about 4 o'clock one morning with his head splitting; the lamp was smoking and the air vile with smoke and smell. He decided he would prefer to be shot than die of headache, so deliberately got up and opened his window. The story loses its point by the fact that, after violating this strict rule, he was not taken out and shot.

They said it was really pretty dreadful. From their window they saw, every little while, a group of soldiers lead some poor frightened Belgian to a little café across the street; several officers were sitting at one of the tables on the sidewalk, holding a sort of drumhead court martial. While they were examining the case a squad would be marched around behind the railroad station.

A few minutes later the prisoner would be marched around by another way, and in a few minutes there would be a volley and the troops would be marched back to their post; then, after a little while, a stretcher would be brought out with a body in civilian clothes, a cloth over the face.

Some of the prisoners were women, and there were screams before the shots were fired. It must have been a dreadful ordeal to go through.

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Another instalment to-morrow

Germany Mad, Says Taft

We Are Fighting a People Obsessed, He Declares

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Nov. 12.—Former President William Howard Taft, addressing 300 Y. M. C. A. workers here to-day, said:

"We must not be misled into the belief that we are not fighting the German people, for we are fighting the German people, who are being led by their Kaiser and the German war machine."

"The German people, outside of some of the Socialists, he said, have become 'obsessed' with the idea that they are a better people—a sort of superman. Gradually a psychological change has been wrought in a people who are by nature kindly, sentimental and home-loving, till they have come to believe fundamentally that force is virtue, that force makes right, and that the only sin for the nation is weakness."

Mr. Taft said these ideas had produced a people who were like a mad dog among the family of nations, and the only way to get rid of that mad dog is to kill it.

The Old General Reports a Victory

This evening when I went to see my old friend the general, just before dinner, he told me that he had had news of a great battle near Metz, in which the French army had been cut off and practically destroyed, with a loss of 45,000 prisoners. It sounds about as probable as some of the other yarns. In view of the fact that my friend had no telegraphic communication I was curious to know where he got his information, but my gentle queries did not bring forth any news on that point.

The Germans now expect to establish themselves for some time here in Brussels. They are going to occupy the various governmental departments, and it is quite possible that for some time we shall have to deal exclusively with them. The government to which we are accredited has faded away, and we are left here with a condition and not a theory. We shall have to deal with the condition, and I am not at all sure that the condition will not require some pretty active dealing with. Functionaries are to be brought from Berlin to administer the various departments, so that it is evidently expected that the occupation is not to be of a temporary character.

The War Had Comic Aspect for Them

Later.—After writing the foregoing I went upstairs and listened to some of the tales of the four people who were tied up in Louvain. Now that they are safely out of it they can see the funny side of it, but it was certainly pretty dangerous while it lasted. M. de Leval is overcome with admiration for their sangfroid, and marvels at the race of men we breed.

They seem to have made themselves solid with the Germans before

France Welcomes Her Wounded Home From German Prison Camps

Soldiers' Arms Filled With Flowers—Heartaches and Tears Made to Count for La Patrie in Stiffening Morale and Desire for Final Victory

By Heywood Brown

(Accredited to the French Army in France for The New York Tribune and Syndicate.)

LYONS, Oct. 21.—France has a better right to fight than any other nation in the world, because she can wage war, even a slow and bitter war, with a gesture. Misery does not blind the French to the dramatic. Even the tears and the heartaches are made to count for France.

I saw wounded men come back from German prison camps to-day, and Lyons made the coming of these wrecked and shattered soldiers a pageant. Gray men, grim men, silent men stood up and shouted like boys in the bleachers because there was some one there to greet them with the right word. There is always somebody in France who has that word.

This time it was a lieutenant colonel of artillery. He was a man big as Jesse Willard, and his voice boomed through the station like one of his own howlers as he swung his right arm above his head and said to the men released from Germany: "I want you all to join with me in a great cry. Open your throats as well as your hearts. The cry we want to hear from you is one that you want to give, because for so long a time you have been forbidden to cry 'Vive la France!' The big man shouted as he said it, but this time the hoarse voice was not heard.

They Were All Sane

The French soldiers who came back from Germany had been for some little time in a recuperation camp in Switzerland. A few were lame, many were blind, and some were almost all gray, but the Lyonsaise said that this was not nearly so bad as the last train of men from German prisons. There were no madmen this time.

The wounded men, all but a few on stretchers, descended from the cars in military order. Lame men with canes hopped and skipped in order to keep step with their more nimble comrades. There was an old woman in black who ran out from the crowd to throw her arms around the neck of a young soldier, but he waved her to go back. You see, she still thought of him as a boy, but that had been three years ago. He

was a marching man now, and it would never do to break the formation.

Arms Full of Flowers

Group by group they came from the train with a new blast of the trumpet for each unit. There were 416 French soldiers, thirty-seven French officers and seventeen Belgians. They marched past the receiving group of officers and saluted punctiliously, though it was a little bit hard, because their arms were full of flowers. When they had all been gathered in the waiting room of the station the big colonel made his speech.

"You have a right to feel, now that you are back on the soil of France, that after all these years of inhuman cruelty, that your work is done," said the colonel, "but there is still something that you ought to do. You will tell everybody of the wrongs the Germans have inflicted upon you. You will tell exactly what they have done, and you will thus serve France by increasing the hatred between our people and their people."

"We are doubly glad to welcome you back to France, because our hearts have been so cheered by the coming of America," continued the colonel. "Victory seems nearer and nearer and vengeance for all the things you have endured."

It was then that he snatched the great shout of "Vive la France!" from the crowd. As the din died down the corks began to pop, and men who a little time before had not even been sure of a proper ration of water began to gulp champagne out of tin cups. The sting of the wine, the excitement and the noise were too much for one returned prisoner. He had scarcely lifted his glass to his lips when he fell over in a heap, and there was one more weary wanderer to make his return sick abed in a stretcher.

But the rest paraded better as they came out of the station, with band tunes blaring in their ears, and God knows what tunes singing in their hearts as they clanked along the cobbles. For they had been dead men, and they were back in France, and there was sun in the sky and meat and potatoes and perhaps onions steaming in the pots. When they crossed the bridge, they broke ranks. The old woman in black was there, and for just a minute the marching man became a boy again.

"Ad" Clubs Seek Way To Help U.S. Win War

Conference Wants to Co-operate With Government in Sale of Liberty Bonds

(Special Correspondent.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 12.—What advertising clubs and advertising people throughout the country can do to help the United States in the war with Germany, is the big topic before the conference of the executive committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World and presidents of advertising clubs in many cities, which opened to-day in the Claypool Hotel. The conference will close Tuesday, William C. D'Arcy, of St. Louis, president of the association, presided at the meetings.

Raising \$100,000,000 for the Red Cross war fund and selling two issues of the Liberty bonds, amounting to billions of dollars, brought forcibly to the advertising people the need for a meeting of this kind, and it is their hope that out of this gathering may come a plan for closer coordination of all advertising of that character.

"Truth in advertising," was the principal subject discussed at the open session, this part of the program being handled by the vigilance committee of the association. Merle Siderer, of this city, chairman of the vigilance committee, made an address in which he pointed out many instances in which the work of the committee had done much good.

At a dinner given to-night Herbert S. Houston, of Doubleday, Page & Co., who is the retiring president of the advertising club, spoke on "what advertising is doing for the government in war times." George W. Hopkins of New York, gave a talk on war-time sales and the manufacturer.

Fog Delays Caproni's Flight

CAMP MILLS, L. I., Nov. 12.—Heavy fog to-day further postponed Lieutenant Resnati's return flight to Langley Field, Va., in the big Caproni biplane. A cracked cylinder, the cause of the first delay, had been replaced, and thousands of spectators had assembled to watch the big machine soar with its cargo of ten men, when the flight was called off this morning. The start South will be made to-morrow if the weather is at all favorable.

\$3,500,000 Given Y.M.C.A. War Fund First Day of Drive

Rockefeller Foundation Pledges Big Sum as Campaign Opens

N. Y. Women to Do Bit

\$35,000,000 to Go for Physical, Moral and Social Welfare of Fighters

A gift of \$3,500,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation yesterday was among the first contributions toward the \$35,000,000 fund which is being raised by a national campaign for the war service department of the Y. M. C. A. The Foundation gave \$1,000,000 outright and promised to give later a tenth of the total sum subscribed.

The nation-wide drive was instituted yesterday at luncheons held in every city in the country. About 150,000 separate communities are interested in the work.

Campaign Opens at Bankers' Club. The New York campaign began officially yesterday at a luncheon given at the Bankers' Club by one of the groups of solicitors composed of forty men. W. M. Kingsley presided. President A. C. Bedford announced gifts of \$500,000 in addition to the subscription of \$1,000,000 which had been sent in to the campaign committee when the news of the drive went forth. The contributions announced were J. P. Morgan & Co.'s \$500,000 and the \$250,000 given by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey for itself and its subsidiaries. The gifts of \$250,000 each from the International Harvester Company, the Du Pont de Nemours Company and the United States Steel Company have already been announced.

In Chicago 1,400 business men have promised \$1,500,000. C. S. Ward, international secretary of the Y. M. C. A., stated that one-fourth of the states had voluntarily raised their allotments.

Twenty-five women solicitors were entertained yesterday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, 39 East Sixty-ninth Street. The women's committee will raise \$2,000,000 and boy members of the Y. M. C. A., \$1,000,000.

Solicitors to Have Credentials

The association warns against giving contributions to fake solicitors, dressed in khaki uniforms. No canvasser is to solicit small sums except from members, and each will carry credentials from the Y. M. C. A. Small checks and gifts should be sent to Cleveland H. Dodge, treasurer, 215 West Twenty-third Street.

Governor Charles S. Whitman wired his good wishes yesterday to the International Association, and General Pershing has cabled that the greatest service this country can render her Allies will be to extend the service of the Y. M. C. A. to the French army.

Calls have also come from Russia and Italy. The millions are to be used for the physical, moral and social welfare of the enlisted men of both branches of the service, \$11,000,000; for a similar service to the American soldiers overseas, \$12,000,000; for extending the work among the armies of the Allies, \$7,000,000; for work among prisoners of war, \$1,000,000, and to provide for expansion, \$4,000,000.

B. & O. to Drop Sleeping Cars BALTIMORE, Nov. 12.—The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad announced to-day that at the suggestion of the government it would eliminate observation sleeping cars from its trains, following the campaign for the curtailment of luxuries.



Great crates of fine Scotch and English woollens (or rather bales, as they are now in accordance with the new regulations) continue to come across same as they did before the war.

This, added to the splendid output of the best mills here in America, keeps Variety top notch.

All wool (by our own test) of course.

Silk linings for men who prefer them.

Prices reasonable.

Silk lined overcoats with velvet collars.

Louish fabrics, too.

Army officers' uniforms.

Camp Service Station at Plattsburg. Representative at Hotel Balthaz, Washington. Also Hotel Chamberlin, Fortress Monroe.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

Broadway at 13th St.	"The Four Corners" Broadway at Warren	Broadway at 34th St.	Fifth Ave. at 41st St.
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in. The food for all the people must be supplied by the city—all importations from the outside world have been suspended for days. It is a pretty bad situation, and it will probably get a great deal worse before long. I don't know whether we shall get down to eating horse and dog, but it is not altogether improbable. That is one of those things that it is interesting to read about afterward.

We spent nearly two hours at the Hotel de Ville, and got in a good deal of talk that will be of service to all sorts of people. When we got back we found the chancery full of people, who were waiting for us to tell them just how they could send telegrams and letters and get passports and permits to pass through the lines in all possible directions.

Before leaving I had dictated a bul-

Louvain in a taxi, which they had picked up in front of the hotel. When they got there they got out and started to walk about to see what was going on, when, before they could realize what was happening, they found themselves in the midst of a Belgian retreat, hard pressed by a German advance. They were caught between the two, and escaped with their lives by flattening themselves up against the side of a house while the firing continued.

When the row was over they were left high and dry with no taxi—of course it had been seized by the retreating troops—and with no papers to justify their presence in Louvain at such a time. They decided that the best thing to do was to go straight to the German headquarters and report. They were well received

that they could be sure nobody did any slaughtering from their house. They were there for three days, and were told to-day that they might take themselves hence.

They came back to Brussels in the same clothes that they had worn for the past three days, unshaven and dirty. When they drove up to the front door this afternoon they were nearly refused admittance as being too altogether disreputable.

Tell Your Story in a Picture

How many manufacturers have made their packages, trade-marks and the uses of their goods familiar to the people of New York with a card in color, 11x21 inches, in the (surface) street cars?

You can think of dozens without effort—and you are reminded of the others every time you ride.

A color-picture, large enough to be seen 7 feet away in a street car, is 75 per cent. stronger than a word picture. Everybody, even children, can understand a picture and remember a name.

The use of color adds to the attraction value and familiarizes the public with your package or product.

A car-card is the ideal advertising medium for the use of illustration and color in adequate size—and at moderate cost.

If you have something to sell, either through dealers or over your own counters, let us show you how we can tell your story in a picture to the greatest number of buyers at the least cost.

It will pay you to write for our co-operative plan

New York City Car Advertising Co.

(The Surface Cars)

225 Fifth Avenue

Telephone, Madison Sq. 4680

JESSE WINBURN, President

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Under the direction of Miss Grace Field assisted by Miss Hazel Allen and Miss Leonora Hughes

Musie by Nathan Franko

Hotel Claridge, Broadway at 44th Street

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A MOST MARVELLOUS PRODUCTION, SCINTILLATING WITH UNUSUAL MELODIES, GORGEOUS COSTUMES AND A BEAUTY CHORUS

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"A most valuable book to those who seek to know the interpretation of current history."

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The Author says:

"Independence, individually and nationally, is passing away. The inventions, the mechanism, the arts for man's progress are all here. The way is now open. Human slavery, serfdom, peonage are passing. Democracy is rising. The last great struggle is on and fourteen nations and forty problems are in it. But it is all one,—human freedom that man may know his fellow and that mutual helpfulness may arise, individually, collectively, nationally."

"Independence day must take on a new meaning. National independence is hereafter possible only by interdependence."

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